

The Mirror

OF

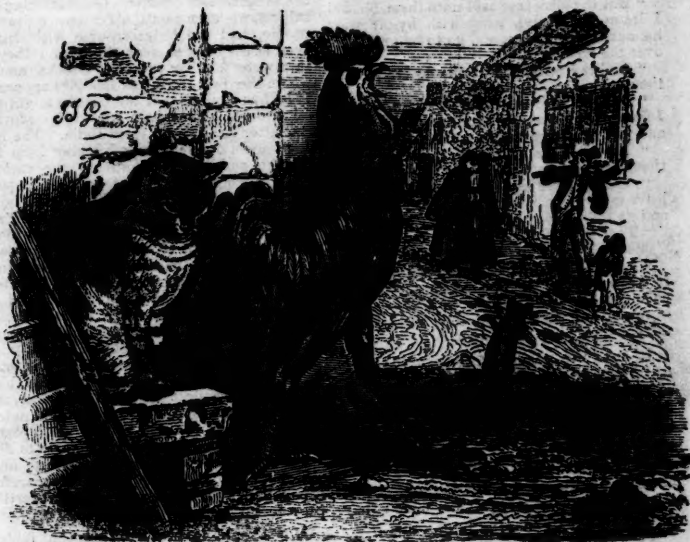
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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Original Communications.

ANTIQUITY AND IMPORTANCE OF FABLES.

THE exquisite design above given, from the collection of Fables now publishing in a cheap form, has recalled the promise we made several weeks back to take up the subject at some length. It is one that may not occupy the attention of the thoughtless, but its importance can hardly be overvalued by those who wish to read of that which is connected with the early history of man. Not only can distinguished philosophers be referred to, who have deemed fables offered the most efficient means of instructing their fellows, but even in the inspired writings we find them the chosen medium of instruction. In the early stages of life, they enter into our lessons or amusements. The apologues

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of Æsop first excite the mind of the child and fables of a less striking character furnish the dramas and narratives which occupy the man, at a more advanced period.

Mr Bussey, in an able and laborious essay, has shown that the practice dates back nearly 3,000 years before our present era, and he argues that from the manner in which it there occurs, it may be inferred that it had long been in use. The particular case to which attention is drawn, is that offered in the 9th chapter of the book of Judges. There we find Jotham labouring to appease the discontent of the Israelites. They, seldom long satisfied with their condition, are found anxious to possess a king like other nations. Novelty had ever charms for them. A new king, or even a golden calf, as a god, could, for the moment, captivate their minds. They

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offered the kingdom to Gideon, their deliverer, and his posterity, and this distinction having been refused by him, after his death, his son Abimelech, by a concubine, slew his seventy brothers, with the exception of Jotham, and made himself king. It was then that Jotham told him the following fable, to show that the unworthy are frequently most desirous of power, that they may use it to the detriment of those from whom it is derived :—

“The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

“But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us.

“But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

“And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

“And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.”

It may be easily seen that in those countries where despotism was securely established, the fable offered the only moderately safe means of hinting at the wrongs which were deplored, or of exposing the depravity which the sufferers could not but resent. Hence we find them at all times in use among the oppressed, who had a purpose to pursue, which they dared not to avow.

The sources from which fables are known to have been drawn are numerous. We are told by the writer already quoted—

“In eastern countries, where the government of the people is still despotic, and flattery alone is considered fit for the ears of those in power, a fable is almost the only medium through which the truth can be safely conveyed to a ruler. On this point, Sir John Malcolm has the following observation in his ‘History of Persia.’—‘The Persians, as a nation, delight in Tales, Fables, and Apophthegms; the reason of which appears obvious: for where liberty is unknown, and power in all its shapes is despotic, knowledge must be veiled to be useful. The ear of a despot would be wounded by the expression of a direct truth; and genius itself must condescend to appear in that form in which alone its superiority would be tolerated.’ As a confirmation of this, it is remarkable that *Æsop* and *Phædrus*, the most eminent fabulists of antiquity, are both said to have been slaves. Indeed the apologue seems to

be the most natural form in which a slave would convey reproof or instruction to his master.

“It is to the East we must without doubt turn for the earliest Fables, and probably for many, if not most, of those which have been attributed to *Æsop* and others. Several have been distinctly traced through the modern and ancient nations of Europe to Hindostan, the chief well-head of Oriental literature. Nor is their transmission from such a distant source a whit more surprising than that of many of our arts, and much of our scientific and philosophical knowledge; which has been undoubtedly derived from the same remote quarter. On examining the subject, we learn that the Persians, a literary people, had much intercourse with India, even in the most ancient times, and they in turn were familiar with the Greeks, among whom the first European fabulists appeared. It is thus obvious that the Greeks might obtain from the Persians a knowledge of what the latter had drawn from India. The Romans again derived their learning from the Greeks, and transmitted it to the various races which were in alliance with, or in subjection to them. For modern times, however, there was another and more immediate channel, not subjected to the same changes and revolutions, to the same capricious alterations or embellishments, as sometimes adorned and sometimes disfigured the fictions of the countrymen of *Homer* and of *Virgil*. The Arabians had greater intercourse with the Persians than any European people; they had also some dealings with India, and even with China; and it is easy to perceive that the popular tales and fables which they acquired from these sources, together with many of their own, would naturally be disseminated among the Europeans during the early Catholic pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and the wars of the Crusaders; and still more so during the long and peaceful occupation by the Arabs of the most fertile provinces of Spain.”

Nor should it be forgotten that fables were made the vehicle of instruction by the Saviour of mankind. He chose for his theme objects which are just as clear to our comprehension now, as they were to those who had first the privilege of hearing them eighteen centuries ago. To Jesus, the whole volume of nature was open; the stupendous mountain and the lily of the valley, the barren fig tree and the bountiful vine, the sower and his seed, the steward and his lord, the man of wealth in his splendour, and the despised beggar at his gate; these were all used by him in the cause of sacred truth. What earthly composition has a higher claim to our reverence and admiration than these immortal fables? They have taught the noblest lesson that man can learn, and must prove a shining light for ever.

We have no room at present to dwell on the work from which we have taken our illustration. Explanation is hardly neces-

cary. It teaches that appearances are not to be trusted. The young mouse, alarmed beyond measure at the terrible crowing of chanticleer, is delighted with the dignity and benevolence of the gentle cat!

RELICS OF LONDON.—No. XIV.

OLD INNS.

WHILST passing through the crowded streets of London, we may, now and then, find a striking contrast to the bustle which pervades them, in one of the inn-yards frequented by country waggoners and carriers. Surrounded by healthy rustics, their ruddy countenances and broad dialects tell they are not of London. We may almost imagine we are no longer in a densely-filled and crowded city; and then, the hay smells so sweet, and the waggoners appear so hearty, and the very carts and horses are so suggestive of thatched stables and country roads, that waggoners, carts, and horses, appear totally out of place among the shops and houses. A London inn-yard is a bit of *rus in urbe* far more rural to my ideas than the formal plots of garden ground, and green, cockney-looking arbours of the suburbs. Out upon the liquor-shops with their tall windows and great dazzling letters!—it is the quiet inn-yard that tells us there are such things as pure air and sunshine in Old England, and that the world is not a world of brick and mortar. Take for example the "Ipswich Arms," in Cullum street; fifty paces from one of the busiest thoroughfares bring you among country waggoners and merry rustics—stout fellows who enable one to form some idea of the materials an Englishman is made of; that our island has not obtained its fame for "stall-wart sons" from the emaciated London mechanic, but from such portly yeomen as those we there see. Breathe, too, while you can; for you do not inhale a fetid atmosphere of soot and foulness—it is the fragrant smell of country hay, not so sweet, perhaps, as it would be fifty miles away, but yet a wholesome respiration. Then look at the old walls of the inn itself, and its heavy oaken gallery—how unlike a part of modern London is the scene!

But there are yet more ancient inns, and, if I might step over my prescribed boundary, and extend my visits beyond the actual limits of the City, I would notice in particular, in High street, Southwark, the "Tabard" of Chaucer—the "Talbot" of the present day; that inn of which the ancient poet wrote—

— "In that season on a day,
In Southwark, at the "Tabard" as I lay
Ready to wender on my pilgrimage."

And at which he proceeds to relate the sayings and doings of his worthy fellow pilgrims. Startling as it may sound, the "Tabard" of the fourteenth century has not entirely disappeared. Even the great Southwark fire of 1876 appears to have respected a memorial so venerable, for although it destroyed a portion of the inn, it spared that relic which must be considered the most valuable and the most interesting—the "Pilgrims' Chamber," which saw the "nine and twenty in a companie" whom the great father of English poetry has immortalized. A pilgrimage to Canterbury!—what is that? we may well ask in these days of steam and railways, when we may soon expect to perform this "wearie journey" in four or five short hours—what is a pilgrimage to Canterbury? It was one of those ceremonies which originated in the days of superstition and vanished when superstition left us; for we, degenerate mortals that we are, have long ceased to blister our feet by trudging to the grave of Beckett, or to atone for our sins by knocking our heads against his tombstone. The "Tabard" was the resting place of nine-and-twenty of these enthusiasts, or devotees, or bigots, and the "Tabard" is still existing. Five centuries, with all their multitudes of changes and alterations, have spared the room associated with Chaucer's name. The sign has been converted by a similar corruption to those which have given name to the "Goat and Compasses," or the "Bull and Mouth," from the "Tabard, or Jacket" to the "Talbot or Dog;" but, though the ancient sign no longer creaks above the footpath, the identity of the scene is still preserved. And now, after this passing visit to the "Tabard," let us recross the bridge and search among the streets of London for inns not so ancient as the one we leave, and far less interesting.

Hide thy diminished head, Gerard the Giant! I have been speaking of the poetic Chaucer, and now find my pen about to form thy unclassic name. Be it so, then; Death, at least, has made you equal. I stand before "Gerard's Hall"—I must not pass it by. The story of Gerard the Giant is wrapped in as much mystery as such legends usually are; but in what his connexion with "Gerard's Hall" consisted is unknown—albeit, a pole was long preserved in the "great hall" of the mansion which was gravely reported to have been his walking stick, ranging rather above the usual size of our present fashionable canes it must be confessed, for it was forty feet in height! The most remote period to which the authentic history of "Gerard's Hall" can be traced is the year 1245, when it was occupied by John Gisors, Mayor of London, and being for

several centuries in the possession of his descendants, it was called "Gisors' Hall," whence its present name has been derived. It is now an inn, and the curious antiquary who chooses to turn aside from Basing lane, may find in the "tap" the remains of the ancient statue which stood beside the gateway.

We have already paid a visit to St John's lane, Smithfield, and glanced at its ancient gate; in the same thoroughfare stands the "Baptist's Head," an hostelry of the olden time which Johnson and Garrick occasionally visited on their way to Cave's shop at the Gate-house. The original proprietor of this house, was Sir Thomas Foster, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, who resided in it towards the close of the sixteenth century, and died there in 1612.

We have just time left to glance at the "Old Mourning Bush," in Aldersgate street, whose proprietor, a stern royalist, exhibited this sign as mourning for Charles the First; to direct hasty steps to the "Stone Kitchen" in the Tower, bemoaning on the way the demolition of the "Boar's Head" of Falstaff, that formerly stood in Eastcheap, and uttering a passing groan to the memory of the "White Hart" in Bishopsgate street, which, erected in 1480, existed until 1829, when it was rebuilt; and now, to conclude this long morning's walk, we stand before the "Cross Keyes," in Gracious street, merely to remember that, alas! for these days of "improvement," the inn of 1589, where temporary stages were erected and plays performed, is no more,—the house is of modern erection. But there is another tavern which, coeval with the "Boar's Head" and the "Mermaid," has yet to be sought for—the "Cardinal's Hat," formerly standing, according to Stowe's survey, in the neighbourhood of Pope's Head alley. A Pope's head and a Cardinal's hat savour of the days of yore sufficiently to attract us to the spot. But not a trace, not a vestige of it can we find, and as yon fellow, whose face declares he is acquainted with every tavern-sign within ten miles of London, tells us he "never heard of the 'Cardinal's Hat,'" we may be assured it exists no longer, and give up the inquiry in disappointment. And now, where can we adjourn to after our lengthened search?—where more appropriately than to "Dolly's Chop House?" the resort of the wits of the last century—the near neighbour of the ancient "Salutation," not twenty paces from the spot where Richardson wrote the best of his novels, in a vicinity teeming with ancient as well as literary associations; in Paternoster row, at "Dolly's," then, let us recruit ourselves, before we start upon our next search for relics.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

GREAT NEWS FOR DRAMATISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

A MIGHTY step has just been taken by Mr Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, to restore the English stage to its "high and palmy state." He offers 500*l.* for the best comedy that may be produced by Jan. 1st, 1844, exhibiting the manners and follies of modern life.

From this, of course, it is to be understood that the dramatic writers of the day will not come forward without some extraordinary inducement. Mr Webster can perhaps tell how this happens. Such a generous churchwarden as he appears to be, I should have expected the whole family of playwrights, from Jerrold down to Bourcicault, would have been at his call, unless, indeed, attending to it heretofore, they should find that they have done so in vain. I hope their pieces have not been read and then mislaid, or taken with Mr Webster to Paris, when, with a view of encouraging English talent, he found it necessary to turn his attention to the French stage. It would be melancholy if it should appear that merit itself stood no chance, and that even a Haymarket manager had declared that "a comedy, however excellent, could not, from the number of dramas already accepted, be performed for eighteen months." Has the supply lately fallen off, that this grand effort becomes necessary; or is it a foolish flourish, a piece of stage clap-trap humbug?

The pieces, when produced, are to be submitted to a committee of dramatic authors, critics, and performers, male and female! and Mr Webster, if necessary, is to have the casting vote. How is this committee to proceed, and what remuneration are its members to have?

When the male and female judges of literature sit in judgment, are all the authors who are competent to decide on the performances submitted, to be precluded from sending in plays themselves, or are they to pronounce on the excellence of their own productions? If the latter course is preferred their impartiality cannot be questioned.

Should only one hundred plays be sent for perusal, to go fairly into their merits will require a somewhat extended session. How long before the 1st of January are they to meet? They ought to assemble about Michaelmas-day; that, from the importance which *goose* gives it, would perhaps be the fittest season for their proceeding to business, the 1st of April being already gone by.

But still every one will ask, where is Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer? where is Mr Sheridan Knowles? where is Mr Douglas Jerrold? and where is Mr Robert Bell?

How is it that their inactivity drives Mr Webster to this unusual course? These gentlemen all know his liberality, and among them I should think they could have furnished him with a good comedy for five hundred pounds, or even less, if they could depend upon him. They might, perhaps, object to their work, when completed, being thrown on a *play stack*, and to be put off with shabby, shuffling excuses, for months and years, before any forward movement was made. They might also object to see what they had produced with care and toil, ridiculously mutilated to suit the ignorant impertinence of some of the actors of the company, who consider it their province to interfere in such matters.

Mr Webster ought to explain how the accepted play, when the committee of taste shall have made their election, is to deal with in this respect. Is it to be scouted from the theatre because Mr William Farren finds all that is good in it is not concentrated in the part which he is to sustain? Is Madame Vestris to decline assisting it with her attractions if anything in it should remind her of *Mrs Fraul*? If, in a word, the author should furnish such characters as always were and always will be found in human nature, are these to be voted unfit for representation because the drawl of one player, the screech of another, and the waddle or dumpy figure of another, have not been especially studied by the author? These are points which ought to be settled before the future Congreves and Sheridans go to work for Mr Webster.

Finally, what pledge is to be given that one of the plays written in consequence of this invitation extraordinary, will at last have a fair trial? When Drury Lane Theatre was about to open, in 1812, a poetical address was advertised for. Many were produced and sent to the committee, and what was the result? The whole of the pieces so forwarded were coolly thrown overboard, and Lord Byron furnished that which was spoken by Mr Elliston.

I am, Sir,

AN OLD STAGER.

THE POETS AND POEMS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY ROWLAND MILLER.

SELDOM have we found in the annals of history the political horizon of any country darker than that of England during the Commonwealth, under the protectorate of Cromwell and his son Richard.

A king had been accused of crimes for which he was not chargeable, dragged before a mock judgment seat, condemned,

and put to death. The people beheld, with little or no emotion, the slaughter of their friends and nearest relations.

"Guile, violence, and murder se'd on man,
For milky streams, with blood the rivers ran."

The whole kingdom was subverted, not only by the enthusiasm of religion, but by the enthusiasm of ambition. From a low station the Protector himself was raised to the highest honours, and this naturally suggested the question to those of the humbler orders, "Then why not we?"

Such were the times the poetry of which I am about to describe. But first let us inquire what was the disposition of the Protector towards literature. Though Cromwell was deemed illiterate, there can be no doubt that he was not insensible of the merit of literature. He engaged the profoundest scholars and greatest poets for places of public employment, and even rewarded those who were favourers of royalty on account of their learning. Usher, notwithstanding his being a bishop, received a pension from him; Marvel and Milton were in his service; Waller, who was his relation, was caressed by him. That poet always said that the Protector was not so illiterate as he was commonly supposed to be. But, whether this be true or not, it is certain that literature in general made rapid progress under his protectorate, and new discoveries in every branch of science were daily witnessed.

We have only to do with poets, and to endeavour to ascertain how they improved the British lyre by introducing new models, either from ancient or foreign authors. It is proposed to consider them chronologically, and not with a view to their classification.

The first which I shall mention will be Edmund Waller, who was born on the 3rd of March, 1605, and died in the year 1687. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten, and he excelled in this above all his contemporaries. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model. Waller was the first refiner of English poetry, at least, of English rhyme; but his performances still abound with many faults, and, what is more material, they contain but feeble and superficial beauties. Elegance, gaiety, wit, not to say ingenuity, are their ruling character. He is seldom pathetic, and very rarely sublime, and, as the author of his life says, "He seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, or amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and a large acquaintance with the world would supply." Much of his reputation was owing to the correctness of his numbers. He was rather smooth than strong. His performances treat of love without making us feel any

tenderness, and abound in panegyric without exciting admiration. The panegyric on Cromwell contains more force than we could expect from looking at his other compositions. His verses on Charles II, when he returned from exile, were doubtless intended to counterbalance those on Cromwell. Waller wrote verses or sonnets chiefly on trifling subjects, and commonly on passing events connected with the history of that day; such as 'The King's behaviour on the death of Buckingham.' His political character was by no means so unexceptionable; but the errors of his life proceeded more from want of courage than want of honour or integrity.

Turn we now to one of the most celebrated of English poets, John Milton. Passing over his minor poems, of which it is enough to say that they did not at all portend that work, that everlasting poem which has immortalized his name, I hasten to speak of his 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.' It was during a state of poverty, blindness, disgrace, anger, and old age that Milton composed these wonderful poems, which not only surpass all the performances of his contemporaries, but all the compositions which had flowed from his pen during the vigour of his years and the height of his prosperity.

It will be necessary to explain the verse, and that as in Milton's own words: "The measure is English heroic without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced, indeed, since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and, for the most part, worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some, both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself trivial. This neglect, then, of rhyme, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set the first in English of ancient liberty, recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming."

To the completeness and integrity of the design nothing can be objected. It clearly offers what Aristotle requires, "a beginning, middle, and end." Whatever be his topic, he never fails to amplify his imagination; though his images do not seem to be always copied from original forms, or to have the novelty or energy of immediate observation: but this was

owing to his bodily infirmities. "As for his moral sentiments," says the author of his life, "it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets; to this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the Sacred Writings;" and thus it is that he excelled so much those that had gone before him, and especially the ancients, who wanted the light of revelation.

Of Milton's piety there can be no doubt; the sanctity of thought, and the veneration for the name of God which pervades his works, are truly noble, and worthy to be followed by every poet.

"To the conduct of the narrative," says Johnson, "some objections may be made. With great expectation Satan is brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is allowed to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report 'rife in heaven' before his departure."

Had he enjoyed better fortune, and possessed leisure to watch the return of genius in himself, he had attained the pinnacle of perfection.

The tragedy of 'Samson Agonistes' has been celebrated as the second work of the great author of 'Paradise Lost,' and opposed, with all the confidence of triumph, to the dramatic performances of other nations. It contains, indeed, just sentiments, maxims of wisdom, and oracles of piety, and many passages are written with the ancient spirit of choral poetry.

The solemnity of tragedy necessarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expressions, all remote conceits and opposition of ideas; Samson's complaint, therefore, is too elaborate to be natural.

All allusions to low and trivial subjects to which contempt is generally associated are, doubtless, unsuitable to a species of composition which ought always to be awful, though not always magnificent. For he says evil news "rides post," and good news "baits."

But, whatever are the faults of 'Samson Agonistes,' it is certain that the everlasting verdure of Milton's laurels has nothing to fear from the blasts of malignity, nor can any attempts produce other effects than to strengthen their shoots by lopping their luxuriance.

It only remains to give a short account of the 'Mask of Comus.' Milton, when young, adopted a diction and verse from which he seldom if ever departed, and which his maturer judgment did not cast off.

Nor does 'Comus' afford only a specimen of language; it enforces morality, defending virtue, and condemning vice. It shows his natural vigour of sentiment. But to

proceed would be a repetition of what has already been said.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. Throughout the whole the figures are too bold and the language too luxuriant for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, elegantly splendid, and tediously instructive. Something is wanted to command attention. Milton died at the age of 66, A.D. 1674.

Sir John Denham was born in the year 1615, and died, having lived seventy-three years. He may justly be considered as one of the fathers of modern English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He did not confine himself solely to one particular kind of writing, but gave us specimens of various compositions, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

Of all his poems, 'Cooper's Hill' is most celebrated for a loftiness and vigour which had not, before him, been attained by any poet who wrote in rhyme. The mechanical difficulties of that measure retarded his improvement. His productions are not without faults, his digressions too long, and the sentiments such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry; but most of these faults are in his first productions, when he was unskilful, or at least less dexterous in the use of words. "He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language, and whom we ought, therefore, to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do."

Lastly, we come to describe a contemporary of Milton—Abraham Cowley, who was born A.D. 1618, and was one of those fortunates who was appreciated during his lifetime. Cowley adopted the metaphysical style, in which he excelled all his predecessors, and was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best.

His works are divided into five parts, viz.—

1. His *Miscellanies*, which contain a selection of short compositions, written in various parts of his life, called forth on various occasions, are replete with a great variety of sentiment from the "burlesque to awful grandeur." His poem 'On the Death of Harvey' has called forth universal approbation. But the power of Cowley is more calculated to exercise the understanding than to move the affections. 'The Chronicle' is a composition unrivalled. Such gaiety of fancy, rich facility of expression, such a succession of images, it is in vain to seek but in Cowley.

2. The *Anacreontiques*, or paraphrased translation of little poems supposed to have been written by Anacreon. Of the songs which are dedicated to festivity and gaiety, where enjoyment of the present day is treated as the chief business of man,

he has given a pleasing rather than faithful representation, and retained the sprightliness of the original while he has lost the simplicity. "These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction shows nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitude of thought. Real mirth must be always natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes, but have always laughed the same way."

3. The *Pindaric Odes*, the object of which is not to show precisely what Pindar would have written; but his manner of speaking, left him free to use any particular diction and at liberty to choose his own expressions. He was only required to write nothing that Pindar would not have written. It is the fault of Cowley and most of the poets who wrote in the same style, when they have caught as it were a splendid idea, to pursue it to its last resources, thereby losing in some measure the grandeur of the expression; for of the greatest things the parts are little, and what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. Yet these verses have a just claim to praise, and it may almost be said that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The *Davædels* remains now to be noticed. Out of the twelve books he intended to write, four only were finished, and what was written, was and now continues to be much neglected. The reasons why they are slighted are given by an author, first on account of the subject, an imitation of the Bible, a book which has always been read with submissive reverence, and an imagination over awed and constrained; and secondly on account of the performance. As the work remains unfinished there is not a sufficient scope for any criticism, and as far as it goes it is tedious and filled with conceits. Words that in the holy writ occupy a line, are in these poems extended to four; thereby losing the grandeur and often the idea intended to be conveyed.

Cowley was the first who mingled the Alexandrines at pleasure with the heroic of ten syllables. He considered that verse elevated and majestic, and therefore supplied it when the voice of the Supreme Being was heard.

Having lived forty-nine years, he died on the 28 July, 1667.

Russia.—On the 8th ult., the Emperor of Russia addressed a ukase to the Minister of Finance, ordering that a loan should be made for the sum of 2,000,000 of silver roubles, for the year 1844. This loan is intended to defray the expenses of constructing the railroad from St Petersburg to Moscow.



Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth gu. a lion rampant, between three cross-crosslets, fitchée or, for Capel; second and third gu. three conies, sejant, ar. for Coningsby. *Crests.* Capel, a demi-lion, rampant, or, holding in the dexter paw a cross-crosslet, fitchée, gu. Coningsby, a cony, sejant, ar. *Supporters.* Two lions or, ducally crowned gu. *Motto.* "Fide et fortitudine." "By fidelity and fortitude."

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF ESSEX.

SEVERAL distinguished families have been connected with the Earldom of Essex. The first Earl on record was Geoffrey de Mandeville, who had livery of inheritance in the time of King Stephen on paying the sum of 866l. 13s. 4d., and was raised by the King to the dignity of Earl from that of Baron. He afterwards, in the civil wars which ensued, took part with the Empress Maud, who conferred upon him a more ample charter both of lands and honours. Among the latter was the hereditary shrievalty of London and Middlesex, and that of the county of Hertford, with the power of trying causes in those places. The male line of the Mandevilles failed when William Earl of Essex fell fighting on the side of the barons in the baronial war. His only daughter, Maud, Countess of Hertford, had a son, Humphrey de Bohun, who inherited the title of Earl through his mother, and was created Earl of Essex by Henry III. In that family the dignity remained till the decease of Humphrey, second Earl of Northampton, who had succeeded his uncle in the earldoms of Essex and Hereford, and as Lord High Chamberlain. He left an only daughter, and at her death the title became extinct.

Henry Bouchier, second Earl of Erol in Normandy, was created Earl of Essex by letters patent dated June 30, 1461, by King Edward the Fourth. He was succeeded by his grandson, second Earl of Essex, of this family, one of the most gallant names of the time of Henry the Eighth. He attended Henry to the famous tournament held in the eighth year of his reign, in honour of his sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and was one of the most gorgeously attired knights on the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold. He died in 1539, through falling from his horse, and the Earldom again became extinct.

Thomas Cromwell, the favourite of Henry the Eighth, had the title conferred upon him soon after the death of the former Earl. On his disgrace and death (he was beheaded in 1540), the title for the third time became extinct.

In 1543, William Parr, Baron Parr of Kendall, was created by patent, December 23, 1543, Earl of Essex by King Henry the Eighth, who had married Catherine Parr, sister of the Baron. He died in 1571, and the Earldom again became extinct.

Walter Davreux, Viscount Hereford, was the next who had the honour to be created Earl of Essex, May 4, 1572. At his decease, his son Robert succeeded to the title. His career is well known. He was first the honoured favourite of Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was eventually doomed to the scaffold. His honours were forfeited, but eventually restored, and his only son Robert became third Earl of Essex. He fought in the cause of Charles the First, but afterwards joined the army of the Parliament, and greatly distinguished himself. He died in 1646, and the title became extinct one more.

It was next bestowed on the family of Capel, of whom the founder was Sir William Capel, Knight and Alderman of London, and Lord Mayor in 1503. Some heavy fines were imposed upon him in the time of Henry the Eighth, and he was committed to the Tower, where he remained till the death of the King. He was succeeded by his son Sir Giles, and he by his elder son Sir Henry. His brother, Sir Edward Capel, of Rameshall, succeeded Sir Henry. It was his grandson, Arthur Capel, Esq., who was elevated to the peerage, August 6, 1641, as Baron Capel, of Hadham. He fell a victim to his loyalty, and was beheaded in Old Palace yard, March 9, 1648-9. Arthur Algernon, who last succeeded to the title, is the seventh Earl.

Reviews.

The Diary of Dr Thomas Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, from August, 1686, to October, 1687.

Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis. Nichols and Son.

THESE volumes have just been completed by the Camden Society. The Diary is not very interesting, is indeed less so than most of its predecessors. The second work is among the Society's most valuable contributions to literature. As we go over the "rich and rare" varieties of its pages, we are delighted with the close and present-tense sort of view, which it gives us of the learned and the eminent of three by-gone centuries. Many facts are incidentally brought before us, curious in themselves, and valuable from the light they throw on other matters. At first Sir Henry intended to confine himself to letters written during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. We are glad he enlarged his plan. It may be that his work is less in accordance with the general course heretofore pursued by the Society, but the case is one in which he might wisely

"From common rules in brave disorder start;"

and will not only be pardoned, but applauded by all lovers of literary history.

One most singular document claims our attention: it is an application to Sir William Cecil from "the merchants trading to Muscovy," praying for the suppression of Dr Fletcher's book "Of the Russe Commonwealth." The work is thus described:

"In the epistle dedicatorie of the booke he tearmeth the Russe government a strange face of a tyrannycall state.

"The intolerable exactions of the Emperour vpon his subjectes maketh them carelesse to laye vp anie thinge, for that yf they have ought, yt causeth them to be spoiled not onlie of theire goodes, but of their lives.

"In shewing the likelihoode of the ende of the whole race of the Emperour concluded in one, two, or some fewe of the bloud, he smeth there is noe hope of ysaue in the Emperour by the constitution of his bodie, and the barenes of his wif.

"He noteth there the death of the Emperour elder brother, murdered by his father in his furie, whose death was the murdering of the olde Emperour by extreame greefe.

"He noteth what practisinge there hath bene, by such as aspire the succession, to destroye the younger brother of the Emperour that is yet livinge, beinge about sixe yeares olde, wherein he seemeth to ayme at Boris Fedorowich.

"He noteth in that younge infant an inclination to crueltie resemblinge his father, in delighe of bloude, for that he beinge but

sixe yeares olde taketh pleasure to looke into the bleedinge throates of beastes that are killed, and to beate geese and hens wth a staffe untill they dye.

"The Russe government is plaine tyrannycall, and excoadeth all just measure, without regard of nobilitie or people, gevinge to the nobilitie a kinde of vjusste and unmeasured libertie to exact on the baser sorte of people.

"If the late Emperour in his progresse had mett a man whose person or face he had not liked, or yf he looked vpon him, he would commaunde his heade to be stricken of and to be cast before him.

"The practises of the Godonoes to extinguishe the bloud Royall, who seeke to cut of or keapt downe the best of the nobilitie.

"That yt is to be merveled howe the nobilitie and people will suffer themselves to be brought vnder suche oppression and slaverie.

"That the desperate state of thinges at home maketh the people to wishe for some forrein invasion.

"That Boris Godonoe and the Emperres kindred accompt all that cometh to the Emperour treasure theire owne.

"Divers grosse practises of the Emperour to drawe the wealth of the land into his treasure, wch he concludeth to be straunge kinde of extortions, but that yt agreeth wth the qualitie of the Emperour, and the miserable subjection of the poore countrie.

"Theire onlie lawe is theire speakinge lawe, that is the pleasure of the Prince and Magistrates, which sheweth the miserable condition of the people; against whose injustice and extreame oppression they had neede to be armed with manie good Lawes.

"The practise of the Godonoes against the Emperour brother to prove him not legitimate, and to turne awaie the peoples likinge from him as next successor.

"The discription of the Emperour, viz. meane of stature, lowe and grosse, of complexion, enclinyng to dropsey, hawcke nosed, unsteadie in his pace by reason of the weaknes of his lymes, heavie and vnactive, commonlie smilinge almost to a laughter; for qualitie simple and slowe-witted; but verie gentle and of an easie nature, quiet, mercifull, &c.

"It is to be doubted whether is greater the Crueltie or the Intemperancie that is vsed in the Countrie; it is so foull that is not be named. The whole Countrie overfloweth with the synne of that kinde, and noe mervell as havinge no lawe to restrayne whoredomes, adulteries, and like vnclennes of liuf.

"From the greatest to the smallest, except some fewe that will scarcelie be founde, the Russe nether beleeveth anie thinge that an other man speaketh nor speaketh anie thinge himselfe worthe to be beleaved."

The book was suppressed as desired. This shows what sort of liberty of the press, was known in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Dr Fletcher had been sent on an embassy to Russia, and was there very indifferently received. Resentment of the affronts offered to him, was supposed to have somewhat operated on him while preparing his book. The following account

of his treatment from the Lansdowne MS. will be acceptable. Dr Fletcher reports—

"1. At my arriving at the Mosko thear was no man to bidd mee welloom, not so much as to conduct mee vpp to my lodging.

"2. After I had stayed two or three dayes to see if anie welloom or other message would coome from the Emperour, or the Lord Boris Federowich Godonove, I sent my Interpreter to the said Lord Boris, to desier him to be a meenes for audience to the Emperour, that having doon my Ambassage to the Emperour, I might doe my message, and deliver my lettres likewise to him. My Interpreter having attended him two or three dayes, wthout speaking wth him, was commaunded by the Chancellour to coom no more at the Court, nor to the howse of the said L. Boris.

"3. The Counsell was com'aunded not to confer wth mee, nor I to send to anie of them.

"4. When I had audience of the Emperour, in the verie entrance of my speach I was cavilled wthall by the Chancellour, bycawse I saied not forth the Emperours whole stile, w^{ch} of purpose I forbore to doe, bycawse I would not make his stile of two ellnes, and your Highnes stile of a span long; having repeated the first and principall parts of it, and giving him the titles of great Lord Duke and Emperour of all Russia, King of Cazan, King of Astracan, &c., I answered him that the Emperour was a mightie Prince, and had manie Countries w^{ch} straungers could not, nor wear not bound to know, that I repeated the principall of his stile, to shew my honour to the rest. But it would not serve till all was repeated.

"5. The Presents sent by your Highnes to the Emperour, and delivered to him in his own presence, wear the day following retourned to mee, and very contemptuously cast down before mee.

"6. My articles of petition delivered by word of mouth, and afterwards by writing, wth all other writings, wear altered and falsified by the Emperours Interpreter, by meanes of the Chancellour Andreas Shalcalove; speciallie whear it concerned himself, manie things wear put in, and manie things strook out, w^{ch} being complained of and the points noted, would not bee redressed.

"7. I was placed in an howse verie vnhandsoom, vnholsoom, of purpose (as it seemed) to doe me disgrace, and to hurt my health, whear I was kept as prisoner, not as an ambassadour.

"8. I was not suffred to send anie Lettre into England by the winter way, to signifie of my proceedings, not so much as of my health, though I desired it earnestlie.

"9. My allowance for vittail was so bare and so base, as I could not have accepted it but to avoid cavillation that I began to contend wth them about so mean a matter.

"10. At my retourn, at Vologda, open proclamation was made by the Duke and Diake thear, by order from the Chancellour Andreas Shalcalove, that no man should bier owt horse or boat to anie Englishman: w^{ch} breed an opinion in the people thear, that thear was great matter of disliking from the Emperour towards the English nation, which

was a cause of great danger towards mee and my companie; and of the firing of the English howse at Colmiguve (as appeared by the sequel) whear the companie of the English Marchants lost to the vallew of six or seven thousand marks.

"These parts of hard intertainment wear offered mee by the Chancellour Andreas Shalcalove, who is also the Officer for Ambassages, of verie purpose (as it seemed) to move mee to impatience, that hee might have wearwith to disturb this business. And thearfore I determined with my self to vse all moderation, so farr as might stand wth your Highnes honour, that, if other meanes of faire treatie prevailed not with them, I might make soom advantage of my hard intertainment towards the end of my negotiation, by laying it all in on dish before them, and appliing it to your Highnes dishonour (as indeed it was); which being doon in as earnest and vehement manner as I could devise with discretion, brought them to some remorse of their former dealings, and so to yeild divers points, and in a manner all that I intreated of them, in recompence of their hard intertainment given mee before, whearof they desired mee to make the best to your Highnes at my return home."

Among the writers whose correspondence we find here, is the celebrated Versteegan. One remarkable letter from him we must transcribe:

"Honorable Sir,

"Albeit not knowing your person, yet well acquainted with your worthynesse, I could not omitt to wryte unto you these few lynes, in regard of the due respect I ow you.

"Your courteous commendations were long since delivered mee by one that came hither from England, and sooner had I thanked you for them if sooner I had had so good an opportunity to send unto you.

"For my book of our Nation's Antiquities I continew to gather such notes as I deem convenient, intending, if I can understand it wilbe gratefull once more to be comitted to the presse, to set it forth with augmentation.

"I send you heerwth the toung of a fish which tyme hath converted into a stone, whereof in the fourth chapter of my book I do make mention. The fish is called an Arder; these tounges are found in clay that is heer abouts digged for the making of pottes, but the fish is not found neerer unto Brabant then the isles of Zealand.

"Thus wishing the occasion to yeild more proof of my good will to serve you, then the sending you so worthelesse a token, in all assurance of my redynesse thereunto I recommend me unto you.

"From Antwerp the 15 of June, stilo novo, 1609.

"Yours in verie true affection,
"RICHARD VERSTEGAN."

We can only at present add a paragraph from a singular letter written from Paris in 1698, by Mathew Prior, the Poet. It is remarkable as well from the terms in which it is couched, as for the picture it gives of the then situation of the exiled Royal

Family of England. The tone of it does not say much for the heart of the writer.

"This Court is gone to see their monarch a cock-horse at Compiègne; I follow as soon as my English naggs arrive, and I shall a little have settled my Lord Jersey. I faced old James and all his Court the other day at St Cloud; *vice Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn, and riv'led, not unlike Neale the projector; the Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible."

The People's Handbook to the British Museum. Aird.

A VERY neatly got up, comprehensive, and intelligent little book. It is beautifully printed, and can so easily be carried in a waistcoat pocket, that nobody, when it becomes known, will visit the Museum without it. We admire the tact of the compiler in putting it forward just at the moment when the British Museum is about to commence a new and splendid career, when the works long silently advanced are ripening into completion.

The Rhine. No. XI. From the French of Victor Hugo. Aird.

VICTOR HUGO is the *beau idéal* of tourists. He not only describes what he beholds as it appears at the moment, but memory, reading, reflection, and imagination, all join to illustrate his notices, and to give them interest, variety, and importance. Aix-la-Chapelle, as drawn forth by him, will be read with great eagerness. We have only room for one of its treasures:—

THE ARM-CHAIR OF CHARLEMAGNE.

"After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmunster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back; is formed of four pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture, and has for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. On this chair, set—a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, a sceptre in the other, a sword by his side, the imperial mantle over his shoulders, the cross of Christ round his neck, and his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus,—Carolo Magno in his tomb, in which attitude he remained for three hundred and fifty-two years—from 814 to 1166, when Frederick Barberousse, coveting the chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barberousse was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne—the one in all the majesty of empire, the other in all the majesty of death. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the

living became the despoiler of luminous worth. The chapel claimed the skeleton, and Barberousse the marble chair, which afterwards became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned."

THE PASTOR CHIEF.

[Second Notice.]

WE gratify our readers with a further extract from this interesting work. It should be borne in mind that a touch of jealousy heightens the excitement caused by the eagerness of Marie to convey to Anima the note from her former lover, and to conceal it from the eye of her husband:—

"The packet, in the rescue of which she had fallen into danger, had not escaped the Marquis's notice; and being determined to obtain it, he held her with a force which her now motionless attitude rendered perfectly needless, and vociferated, 'That paper! give me that paper instantly, or die.' But Marie did not answer, she seemed to be reflecting on her best course; the order was again reiterated; and then raising her full unquailing eye, she answered with a firm accent:—

"That paper, my lord, is mine, and no one else has any right to claim it. As your prisoner, I well know my life is in your power, but nothing more. I am sensible of my perilous position, but you may relax your hold, it is unnecessary"—and drawing herself up to her full majestic height, Marie again gazed upon him with that peculiar expression with which the might of mind exalts itself above all other.

"We said that her appearance contrasted strangely with that of the beautiful Marchioness; but, notwithstanding the disadvantage of her soiled and homely attire, and toil-worn countenance, the charm of expression and feature, which survive the decay of other beauties, remained, and awakened the sympathy and admiration of the armed group who watched the scene. Her fearlessness, her dignity and composure, spoke at once to the hearts of those brave cavaliers who were accustomed to a far different representation of female nature, and even awed the indignant Marquis, who loosened, though he still retained his hold; but unmindful of her refusal, he again renewed his command to her to give up the paper, as the only condition on which her life could be spared.

"Marie, however, was resolute, and simply replied, 'never,' with a firmness which showed how unshaken would be her constancy even in a worse extremity than this.

"In her haste she had forced the packet into the folds of her dress, which modestly screened her maiden bosom; but calm as she endeavoured to be, its heaving would not be repressed; and thus revealed a cor-

ner of the treasure, of which it should have been a more sacred depository. To perceive and snatch at it was an instantaneous impulse with the now exasperated Marquis, who fancied he beheld in that paper the document of his own disgrace and his wife's perfidy; for he doubted not that it was destined for her, and thus personal feelings united with those of more universal interest to increase his desire to obtain it. But Marie was not one to submit to any personal indignity, and disengaging herself with a sudden and unexpected exertion of strength from his pressure, threw him from her, and remained standing alone in the circle, her heightened colour and indignant mien, like the fierce look of the wild animal in defence of her young, threatening defiance to all around. Exasperated at her obstinacy, provoked at being foiled in his attempt, the Marquis's rage exceeded all bounds, and rushing with unmanly fury on his victim, seized her with a violence which drew forth a murmur of indignation from his surrounding friends. But Marie had collected every energy; and determination with her, was scarcely inferior to the muscular strength she did not possess, to oppose against him.

"The fire, which Anima in her previous reverie had forgotten to rouse, was smouldering in the grate; its ashes were not extinct, and could she but once reach its side, might serve her purpose of at once and for ever concealing the fatal contents of her paper: but how to draw near enough, unperceived, in such a circle, to consign it to its devouring care, or how to risk hurling it from where she stood into its keeping, was a momentary thought of the deepest anxiety. Meantime, her adversary pressed on her with all his might, and she, though exerting a strength which till now she knew not she possessed, could no longer guard the treasure from his grasp. The struggle, though short, was violent, and Marie, on the point of failing, looked up to meet the agonized expression of Anima's fixed look, but only to see it so confused, so bewildered, that no exertion could be expected from her. Still it was her last, her desperate hope; and suddenly throwing herself with violence against the Marquis, she regained for an instant the use of her hands, and pulling the paper from her bosom, cast it high over his head towards her—"Burn, oh! burn it quickly, Anima!"—but Anima, terrified and agonized, was too much unnerved to be fit to act; while Marie changing her movements, now in her turn strove to retain the Marquis, and thus give her time to execute her purpose; her efforts would have been in vain, but there was one in that circle of enemies to her cause, who could disengage feeling from party spirit, and sympathize in the greatness even of a Vaudois peasant; and

as if Heaven itself had sent a rescue to her cause, the young Count of Parat with the momentary impulse of generosity, raised the paper on the point of his sword, and buried it in the almost dormant embers. Marie in her still dangerous and engrossing situation beheld the deed, and with an upward gaze and sigh of gratitude to Heaven, relaxed each unnatural effort, while the Marquis, pale and speechless with rage, rushed to the grate, where he beheld the packet just igniting, and endeavoured to seize it ere too late.

"My Lord! my General! command yourself,—remember!" interposed the daring young Count, who alone ventured to remonstrate; but the Marquis could only retort with an execration of deadly anger, and pushing aside his opponent, again endeavoured to snatch the paper from the flames; he succeeded, but the action increased the blaze, and the scorched and shrivelled document now burst into an open flame; still the Marquis strove to retain and extinguish it, while the young Count, rash in his chivalrous bravery, attempted to hold his arm an instant; the next, the flaming letter was flying across the apartment, and lay unnoticed even by those whom it most concerned, at the foot of the elegant muslin draperies that hung around the window.

"Too much exasperated to distinguish between friend or foe, the Marquis had seized his sword, and exclaiming, 'Traitor! defend yourself,' drew it against the Count. All now was tumult and confusion: the surrounding friends strove to separate and pacify the combatants. Anima's agonizing and repeated shrieks rang through the apartment, while a sudden and unnatural blaze lighted up the increasing darkness with a fitful glare, and at once drew the attention of the whole party, but the Marquis and the Count. The draperies of the room had caught fire; the wind which blew in through the open casement, fanned the hitherto unnoticed flames, and now they burst forth in unchecked vehemence, feeding on each combustible article they met, and crackling as they spread. The cry of 'Fire!' rose simultaneously to each lip, and now, in the general confusion, Marie, by a well-directed effort, might have made her escape; but though all had admired her conduct, and many had rejoiced in her rescue from what they deemed an unnecessary and brutal violence, as a prisoner, and one possessed of most important information, her security was too valuable to be neglected; and one of the older guests advanced towards her, and with a courtesy very different to the Marquis's bearing, addressed her thus:

"You are my prisoner, and as such I entreat you not to compel me to use force by any vain resistance."

" Marie submitted, nor attempted for a moment to withdraw the wrist he firmly, but loosely clasped, showing by her manner that it was no care for personal safety which had led her to pursue a course so unnatural to her sex. But she availed herself of the mildness of her present guard to turn to, and address a few words to Anima, imploring her to be still, to govern her fears, nor waste the few moments which might yet intervene ere they were again for ever separated,—for she hoped to convey to her, in a whisper, the contents of the letter. Alas! how little did she calculate the extent of her friend's fortitude; how little could she estimate the power of fear which had by this time totally deprived Anima of the use of every faculty, and, in another moment, laid her insensible and speechless, in death-like stiffness on the floor, between the clashing swords of her husband and his friend.

" Her sudden fall separated the combatants for a moment, and checked their impetuosity, as they stooped to gaze, with an involuntary ejaculation, on the corpse-like form at their feet, the livid face, the glassy eye which horror had fixed but could not close.

" 'Anima! oh, dearest Anima!' exclaimed the Count, and kneeling beside her, forgetful of all else, he strove to recal the apparently departed spirit, and chafe into feeling the stiffened hands.

" Whether at that moment the Marquis heard these words, and marked those anxious endeavours, we know not; for still, under the dominion of a temper whose violence bordered on madness, he spurned her prostrate form, as he cried—

" 'Traitor! heretic! bear her hence; and turning to the attendants, who had now crowded into the room, and were busily endeavouring to stifle the conflagration, he added—

" 'Drag yonder Vaudois spy to the lowest dungeon of the castle; guard her for your life's sake in the closest captivity, till I decide on her further fate.'

" He then rushed from the apartment to conceal the fury which he was conscious had taken utter possession of his soul, and gave such orders as would make his vengeance on all whom he fancied had conspired against him, more deadly and secure."

We conclude with the remark that the 'Pastor Chief,' in some respects defective as a work of fiction, may take higher ground. It is not merely a novel, but a beautiful illustration of history.

Pictorial Illustrations.—We are obliged to the Editor of the 'Bristol Archeological Magazine' for his offer of the loan of the woodcuts; but we have declined at least a bushel of woodcuts during the last twelvemonth.—*Athenaeum.*

Science.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—The Journal Committee have reported the following adjudications of prizes for Essays:—To William Stace, of Berwick, near Lewes, Sussex, the prize of twenty sovereigns for the best Essay on the rotations of crops suited for heavy lands. To Thomas Arkell, of Pen-hill Farm, near Cold Harbour, by Swindon, Wiltshire, the prize of fifty sovereigns for an account of the best mode of under-draining land, regard being had to variety of soil, subsoil, and other local circumstances. To James Cowie, of the Mains of Haulkerton, Laurencekirk, Scotland, the prize of ten sovereigns for the best Essay on the comparative advantages in the employment of horses and oxen in farming-work. To W. F. Karkeek, of Truro, Cornwall, the prize of twenty sovereigns for the best explanation of the causes which appear to determine the production of fat and muscle respectively, according to the present state of our knowledge of animal physiology. The Essays on the construction of Cottages, on the Management of Farm-yard Manure, and artificial Manures or Hand Tillage, are still under the consideration of the judges.—The Journal Committee have also reported the following prizes and subjects of the Essays for 1844, the conditions of which will be given in the ensuing half-volume of the Journal: 1. For the best account of the comparative value of water-meadows and uplands generally, for cattle, sheep, and horses, but especially for milch cows, twenty sovereigns. 2. For the best Essay on the influence of climate upon cultivation within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, thirty sovereigns. 3. For the best Essay on the indications which are practical guides in judging of the fertility or barrenness of the soil, fifty sovereigns. 4. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Norfolk, fifty sovereigns. 5. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Chester, fifty sovereigns. 6. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Essex, fifty sovereigns. 7. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Wilts, fifty sovereigns. 8. For the best account of improvements made by artificial deposits of soil from the sea or tide-rivers, and the subsequent cultivation of the land, twenty sovereigns. 9. For the best account of the cheapest way of keeping farm horses in good condition, both in winter and summer, twenty sovereigns. 10. For the best Essay on any agricultural subject, twenty sovereigns.—Mr R. Barker laid before the meeting the following census of members, and abstract of accounts: Life Governors, 101; Annual Governors, 206; Life Members, 399; Annual Members, 6,551; Honorary Members, 13; total 7,270. Half-yearly receipts, 4,441l. 15s.; which leaves, after the payments, a balance in hand of 682l. 15s. 8d.—The chairman announced that the preliminary prize-sheet for next year had been printed (in proof) for the inspection and suggestion of members prior to its considera-

tion and adoption at the Council on the last Wednesday in June.—Mr Bailey Denton, of Southampton, expressed his intention of exhibiting at the Derby meeting, a model three feet square, representing a map in relief of a district, with instruments, invented by himself, similar to the one in possession of the society, and presented by him at a former council. The model is constructed of plaster, or electrotyped in copper, to a true scale; any height or distance being obtained by the aid of an instrument accompanying it. Mr Denton considered that the use of this invention as a complete guide to draining was evident; while the properties of an undulatory surface were made apparent by pouring water upon the map thus modelled, which, flowing to the lowest levels, exhibited the mode in which the waters of the higher lands might be profitably applied.—Mr Read transmitted a plan for improvements in the making and burning of tiles.—The chairman of the Derby Committee announced, on the part of the Birmingham and Derby Railway, and the Midland Counties Company, in favour of exhibitors, that they would only require half-fares for stock and agricultural implements, and the usual fares for passengers.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At an extraordinary General Meeting of this Society, for the purpose of electing a President in the room of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Sutherland in the chair, his Royal Highness Prince Albert was unanimously elected.

The Gaiety.

The Repeal Question.—The Repeal agitation seems to increase. Large sums are weekly subscribed. In the south Riding of Tipperary three hundred thousand people are said to have assembled to meet Mr O'Connell, and to have formed a procession five miles long. At a dinner which was given at Nenagh, Mr O'Connell remarked on the physical force displayed, and "how effectual it would be in the hands of another Napoleon, who had marched from Boulogne to the centre of Hungary with a much smaller effective force than surrounded him at the Rock of Cashel, and victory marked his progress, although he could not calculate on such an army of reserve as he then saw before him." This looks like business!

Old Quiz.—When the late Duke of Queensberry, called by George the Third "Old Quiz," was Lord March, he indulged in every sort of fashionable dissipation, and considered fewer than two or three mistresses at the same time insufficient. Such affairs were with him quite matters of course. One of his letters to George Selwyn, thus speaks of some of his favourites: "I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls. This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be

quite so before you and the Rens come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rens, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such, I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time past, it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance. This moment my servant brings me your letter by *le Roi*. I will inquire for a lodging for the Rens, for I agree with you entirely, that you have no room for her in your house, and it is as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel, for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine; &c. &c."—As he advanced in life, and when he reached extreme old age, he still indulged in the greatest excesses. Like a recently deceased nobleman, he did not limit himself to two or three fair companions, but had groups to dance before him, unmindful of the scornful glances which from time to time fell on their ignominious paymaster.

A Fiery Trial.—In the life of Savonarola we find the following document put forth on behalf of a religious fraternity of which he was the head:—"I, brother Girolamo, of Ferrara, unworthy vicar of the congregation of San Marco, of the Order of Frati predicatori dell' Osservanza, accept the proposition of the brothers, who have subscribed this document, and of all the brothers in San Marco and San Domenico di Fiesole; and I promise to give one, two, three, or four, or ten, as many as shall be required for the work,—that is, entering the fire to establish the truth which I preach; and I trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in his evangelical life, that every one whom I give shall come out untouched, that is, without any hurt; if I doubted this, I would not give them up for fear of being a murderer. In token whereof, I subscribe this with my own hand, to the praise and glory of Almighty God, the salvation of souls, and the preservation of the truth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who alone does innumerable great and inscrutable acts, to whom be honour and dominion for ever. Amen."

Harlai, Archbishop of Paris.—It has been said that Harlai was made Archbishop on account of his dissolute life, which made those about Louis the Fourteenth suppose that he would not be very severe upon their morals. The act of celebration of the nuptials of the King and Madame de

Maintenon was not found in the archives of the archbishoprick where it ought to have been. Harlai, to save himself the trouble of arranging papers, used, when he changed his clothes, to throw those he took off, into a press and lock them up. After his death the act in question was found in the pocket of an old garment they put away.

Antiquities.—The dredging machine employed in clearing the bed of the Saone, at Chalons, has brought up many interesting remnants of antiquity. Among them are some coins of Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, of great rarity; a small brass plate, on which appears a Christ on the cross, with symbolical animals at the four corners; and some Gothic characters, which have not yet been deciphered, apparently a work of the earliest part of the middle age, some amphore and cinerary urns in good preservation. But the most valuable prize is a beautiful vitrified cup. It is shallow and broad like a dish, but the outside is enriched with wavy and spiral ornaments in relief, affording a new proof that the art of moulding in glass was well known in ancient days, and indicating the residence of the Romans at Cabillonum, after the Eduens and previously to the Burgundians.

Irish Epitaph.—In Belturbet churchyard, Ireland, was the following inscription:—"Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here."

Sandwich Islands.—Accounts have been received at Liverpool, announcing that the Sandwich Islands were ceded to the British crown on the 25th February, and were taken possession of by Lord George Paulet, of Her Majesty's ship 'Carysfort,' next day. The New York papers mention the arrival of a small vessel at that port from Oahu, which had for part of her cargo 6,100 bags of sugar. "To import sugars," it adds, "from the most distant Pacific Islands into the United States is a remarkable feature in trade. The industry of the people of these islands is now very successfully employed in raising the cane, and they will shortly compete with the West Indies in supplying a part of the world, at least, with that great staple-sugar."

Aylesbury.—After the lapse of two centuries since the death of John Hampden, a monument is about to be raised to his memory on Chalgrove field, where he lost his life. The monument consists of a large block of Portland stone, sixteen feet high, surmounted by a Ceppo cap, and resting on a massive plinth of the same material. It is raised where the Oxford and Watlington road is crossed by the lane leading on one side to the village of Chalgrove,

and on the other to Warpsgrove farmhouse. It was here that Prince Rupert, in his retreat towards Oxford, having repulsed the main body of the Parliament troops under Gunter and Croas, was encountered by Hampden, who led a party of horse to the attack from the direction of Warpsgrove, and received his death-wounds, shot by some of the musketeers of the Prince. On the side of the monument facing Warpsgrove is his medallion portrait, in bold relief; on the opposite side are his arms; on the third the names of the subscribers by whom the monument is raised; and on the fourth is the following inscription from the pen of Lord Nugent:—"Here, in this field of Chalgrove, John Hampden, after an able and strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, and before the judges of the land, to the measures of an arbitrary court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the associated counties of Buckingham and Oxford, in 1642. And here, within a few paces of this spot, he received the wound of which he died while fighting in defence of the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England, June 18, 1643. In the two hundredth year from that day this stone was raised in reverence to his memory."

Good News for Travellers.—Prospectuses have been received from Alexandria of an insurance company, which, under the business-like name of "The Egyptian Terrestrial and Maritime Assurance Company," proposes, amongst its other objects, to insure against "the dangers incurred in crossing the desert."

Spiritual Dances.—It is known that dances were formerly religious exercises. Some have conjectured that every psalm had a dance proper to it. The celebrated Savonarola encouraged what he denominated spiritual dances, accompanied with hymns, chiefly composed by Girolamo Benivieni, one of his disciples. His object was to substitute holy exercises for common profane amusements. Crowds obeyed his directions. The Piagnoni would rush from the churches and the convents to join in these sacred exercises, shouting "Viva Christo!" leaping and dancing in exultation at the thought of the Messiah's approaching reign, sometimes in a circle composed of a monk and a citizen alternately, singing spiritual songs.

Miss Mitford.—The subscription for Miss Mitford has been so far successful, that in a letter to the Rev. W. Kinsey she writes:—"You will, I know, be glad to hear that things are going on well, so far as the subscription is concerned. The debts are all paid, and there will be some hundreds surplus, which was what my friends wished in their kindness; for my own part, I was ever more set upon the payment of the debts, but now both parties are gratified."

Bruce Castle.—On Tuesday next the annual distribution of testimonials of merit takes place at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. The prizes on this occasion will be given by the Honourable and Reverend H. Montagu Villiers, rector of Bloomsbury. In other years we have seen the exulting aspirants receive their honours from the hands of the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, Lord Brougham, Lord Dudley Stuart, Dr Arnott, and the late Dr Birkbeck. Should the Reverend and Honourable Gentleman witness on Tuesday such an assemblage as we have more than once beheld, he, when speaking on the subject, will

"Have the happiness to say,
My friends, I have not lost a day."

Novel Writing abandoned by Sir E. L. Bulwer.—A portion of a letter from Sir E. L. Bulwer has been published in the 'Boston Times,' in which he says,—"With the last page of the 'Last of the Barons' closed my career as a writer of fiction. You have long been aware that my graver studies have been gradually unfitting me for the task of the 'Romancier.' 'The light of other days is faded,' and my fancy no longer kindles at a spark, as in happier hours of yore. I am too wise to jeopardize what little credit I have won already, and therefore bid farewell, a mournful farewell it may be, to the light labours and flowing dreams of the novelist."—Sir Walter Scott, after writing his first half dozen novels, announced that his labours in that way were at an end. He was induced to resume his pen, with what success need not be told.

"Barbets."—"Barbet" was a term of reproach with which the Vaudois were commonly designated by their enemies. There was a common superstition current among the ignorant at that time, that they were in league with the devil. To such a height had this belief risen in a former age, that Philip the Seventh desired to see the children of the Vaudois to ascertain the truth of their being born with four rows of double teeth, and one eye in the middle of the forehead.

The Pra del Tor.—"This celebrated place," Léger says, "is a hollow environed by mountains, situated to the west of La Vachère, and cannot be approached except with much difficulty, and by a path, excavated in places out of the rock, running along the edge of the Angrona torrent; it is, however, capable of containing a great many people. It was here that, during the thick darkness and the most cruel persecutions, the ancient barbets, or pastors of the valleys, continued to hold their preachings, and preserved the college, where they instructed those whom they prepared for the ministry."

—Rossini has arrived in Paris. The Chevalier Spontini is there also.

Persecution Impotent.—Blind must he be who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vaudois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for seven hundred years, and yet it has not swept them away, but there they are in the land of their forefathers; because the Most High gave unto the men of the valleys stout hearts and a resolute spirit,—because he made them patient of hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and all manner of affliction.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

—In spite of Lablache's farewell address, he is re-engaged at the Italian Opera at Paris.

—The managers of the Birmingham Musical Festival are desirous of engaging Duprez, who has, for the last eighteen months, been anxiously qualifying himself to sing in English.

—Macready relinquishes the management of Drury Lane Theatre. London, which once supported two national play-houses, now will not uphold one.

—A new screen has just been completed before the Marquis of Westminster's house, in Grosvenor street, which makes quite a feature in that characterless locality. It consists of two gateways, each supported by duplicated columns, with an open colonnade between them. The columns are Roman Doric, and between each is a handsome candelabra supporting a single light. Both these, and the gates, are fine specimens of casting in iron, and have been painted to look like bronze.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unless specially requested when sent, we cannot undertake to return articles which are not inserted.

The epigrams of Julius are neat, but they are not sufficiently pungent. He might easily improve them.

Morna's Poem we must decline on account of its length.

"Touch-and-Go Trikes" are approved.

Several Correspondents whose *Jacours* were intended for this number, will be attended to next week.

A. B. is informed that Oil of Camomile is distilled from the flower of that name. Its colour is blue when first distilled, but by keeping it changes to a yellow. Eighty pounds of camomile flowers yield eighteen drachms of oil.

No Nimrod.—The term of ox-foot, when applied to horses, is when a disease produces a cleaving of the horn of the hind foot, in the middle of the fore part of the hoof, from the coronet to the shoe; when this occurs, which is not very common, it makes the horse halt.

The "Moon-Seeker," of the celebrated German writer, Tieck, has not, we believe, appeared in an English dress. We shall be glad to see a good translation of it.

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